uerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion mongers, theſe pardon mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they can not ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the nũbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo Bon ieur*, there's a French ſalutation to your french ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo, Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curteſie:

Romeo, pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. VVhy then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro. O

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt,

Mer. Come betweene v

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwit

Mer. Nay, if our wits ru
For thou haſt more of the
I am ſure I haue in my whol
the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer wi
waſt not there for the goo

Mer. I will bite thee by

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite

Mer. Thy wit is a very bit

Ro. And is it not well ſe

Mer. Oh here's a wit of
ynch narrow, to an ell broa

Ro. I ſtretch it out for th
gooſe, proues thee farre an

Mer. VVhy is not this
now art thou ſociable, now
thou art, by art as well as b
like a great Naturall, tha
his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop t

Mer. Thou deſireſt me

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe

Mer. O thou art deceiu
was come to the whole de
occupie the argument no

Ro. Heres goodly geare

A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt an

Nur. *Peter*?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hid

Nurſ. God ye good mo

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